

keller's tooth

resembled a wolf
or dog fang
& fit perfectly
in the fat
part of my palm
baker used
half a dozen
ball bearings
wrapped in a
sock to knock it
out after
keller had spit
tobacco juice
in his hair
he spent an hour
drooling blood
while making long
kicking sweeps
thru the grass to
find it i sunk
my hand deep into
my right pants
pocket to sneak
a feel it was
sharp against my
leg